



In the Shadow— —of the Pines



By FANNIE A. DAMON



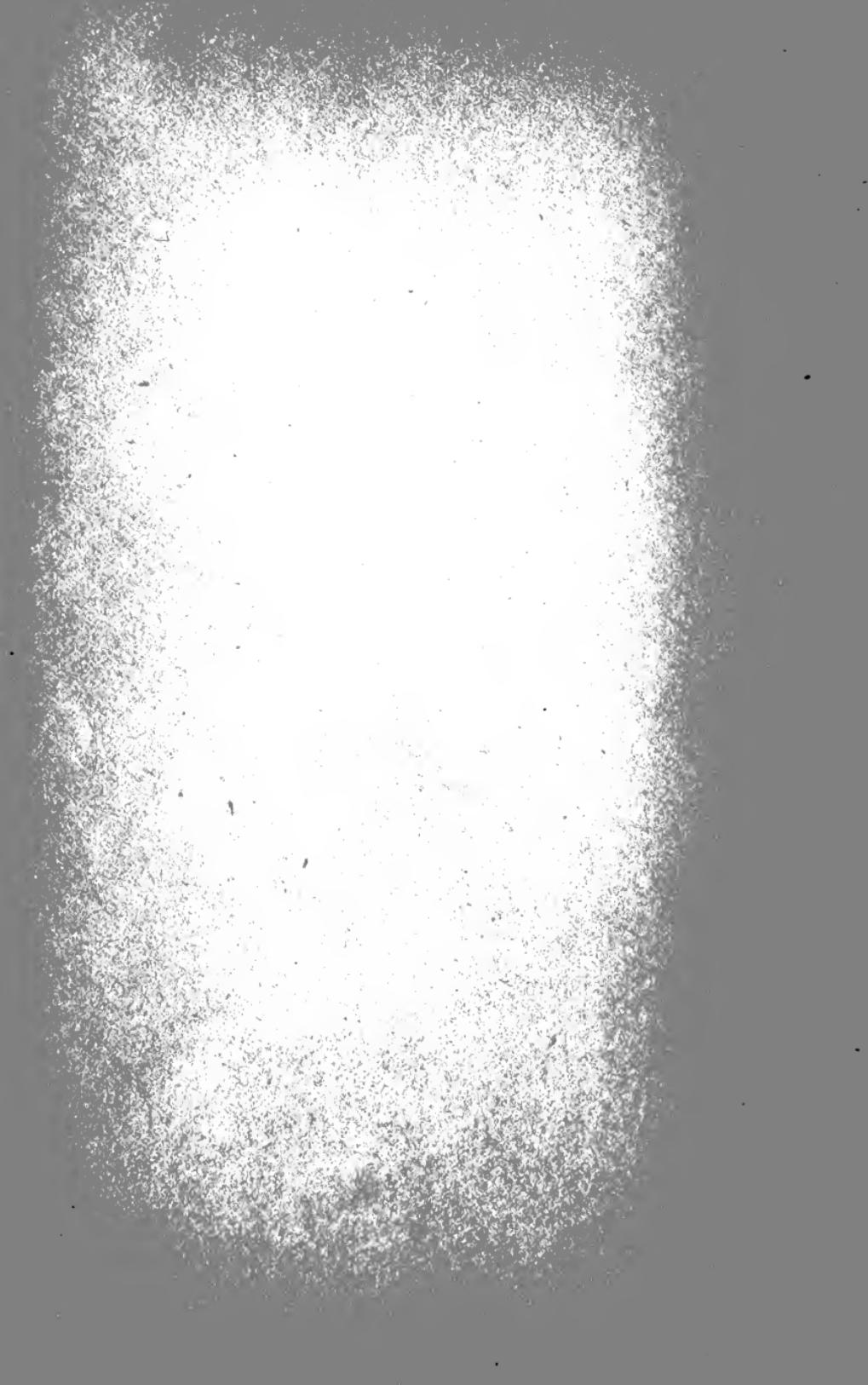
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The pathway leading down through the pines,
With gray rocks leaning to its side
All verdure crowned.

From My Window. Page 14.

In the Shadow of the Pines

BY

FANNIE A. DAMON

Author of HEART TREASURES, Etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALFRED A. FURMAN

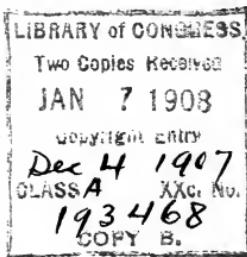


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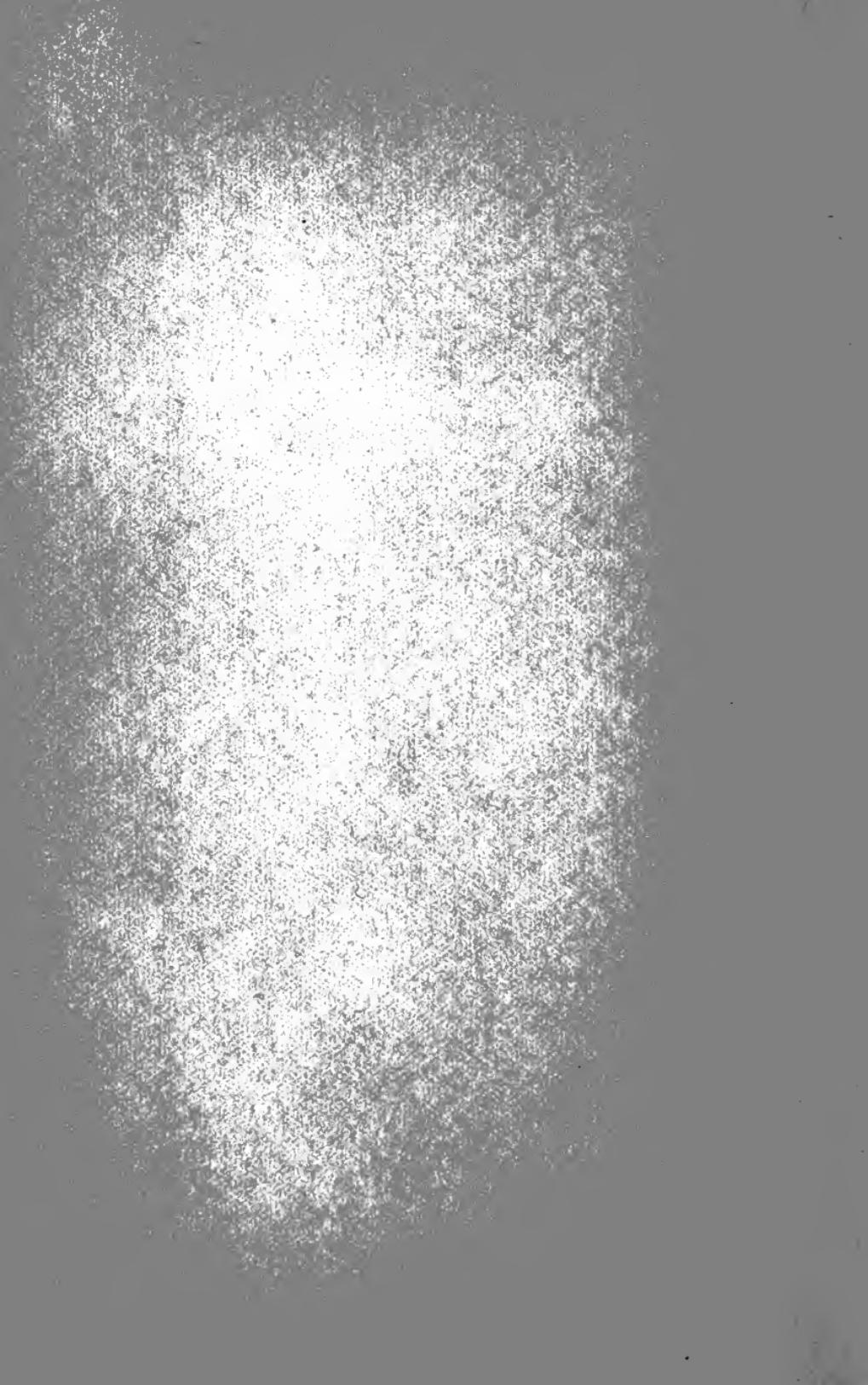
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To the Poets

The Sweet Singers, from whom I have drawn
inspiration and help; whose music, sounding
in the deeps of my soul has been the key note
to broader thinking and nobler living,

I would dedicate these pages.

FANNIE A. DAMON.



CONTENTS

	Page
IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES	13
FROM MY WINDOW	14
A SACRED FELLOWSHIP	16
THE CLOSED GENTIAN	17
THEY ALL COME BACK	18
CHRYSANTHEMUMS	20
THE TIDES OF THE SPIRIT	21
GOOD REST	22
THE FOUNT OF BLESSING	23
NATURE'S CHIMES	24
THE BLESSED LIFE	25
OCTOBER	26
MERCY'S CRY	27
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE	28
HALF MAST	29
EGGLANTINE	30
CLARA BARTON	31
THE SHRINE OF TAH-KI	33
THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST	35
THE FATED VILLAGE	37
OLD PORTRAITS	38
MOONLIGHT	39
ANGEL WIFE	41
FREEDOM SONG	42
DARKNESS AND LIGHT	43
EVIL	44
FROST FLOWERS	45
SWEET DEATH	46

	Page
THE SPIRIT WORLD	46
THE WAY TO HEAVEN	47
THE GOLDEN KEY	47
SAINT FRANCES	48
LAUS DEO	49
A VANISHED RACE	49
MORN	50
REUNITED	50
THE FADELESS FLOWER	51
AUTUMN LEAVES	51
SOUL FETTERS	52
CURFEW BELLS	53
THE MAGIC SEA	54
THE DEPARTED	55
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	55
FRIENDS	56
HOSPITAL SHIP—BAY STATE	56
OMNIPRESENCE	57
THE PASSING YEAR	57
MAY'S ADVENT	58
ASPIRATION	58
THE BEACON LIGHT	59
THE SONG OF THE BELLS	60
SUNDAY	60
MEMORY BELLS	61
AT LAST	62
APRIL RAIN	63
WITCH HAZEL	64
SLEEP	64
THE VESPER HYMN	65
LAS CA SAS	66
SYMPATHY	66
A COMMON HEAVEN	67
INWARD LIGHT	67
PEACE	68

	Page
LOVE IN ABSENCE	69
DISENCHANTMENT	69
MATIN SONGS	70
COMMUNION	70
EDWARD EVERETT HALE	71
SABBATIA	71
SUNSET ON WACHUSSETT	72
"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU"	72
ANGEL MOTHER	73
LARKSPUR	74
NATURE'S PATTERNS	74
FERN FOLK	75
OUR HEROES	76

INTRODUCTION

This age is a notable one in the history of mankind, and if we fail to perceive its comparative importance it is chiefly because we are a part of it, and because the world actors are still upon the stage clothed in their little mortality, and have not yet become hallowed in our eyes by death and time; as mountains at a distance look more sublime, seem invested with greater grandeur. Such an epoch demands a unique literary expression, which must accord in form and style with the temper of the times, and be their shadow and officer; even as the leaves of a tree denote its species, or as a perfume recalls the flower from which it is invisibly born. And so we find that in this hurly-burly age in whose life stream mind and body are strained to the utmost tension, prose predominates as the vehicle of thought; prose clear, abrupt, vigorous, marshalled in short sentences, and marching lightly cumbered with ornament direct to its goal; while the gentle form of poetry shrinks into the background, and abdicates the scepter she wielded in those earlier days when a

mysterious fate led the wandering feet of Shakespeare to the theatres of London, and steered the fragile barks of Columbus safely through unknown seas.

But under this despotism of prose, the voice of poetry cannot be entirely silenced. It is heard in humorous or satiric tones through the crowded haunts of cities. It echoes from the seclusion of village or of mountain-side many a note of pastoral beauty or deep religious sentiment. That jeweled cloak worn through the imaginative ages is now frequently thrown over trivial uses, making the heart of a genuine devotee to grieve; but they who have breathed the air—the celestial air of Castalie—will never so degrade the office of their glorious priestess. The sacred fire burns on their bosoms' altar, kindling their thoughts and emotions to a modest enthusiasm. The great masters are a beacon to them, shining over the gloomy gulf of time, and inviting the vessel of their verse into the ports and estuaries of fame. In an era of skepticism they preserve the tender memorials of faith; and when, as now, the ogre pessimism questions every article of human creeds, they linger in those gardens of optimism where all objects are robed in the delicate light of confidence and hope. In times when nature grows too languid to produce supreme geniuses, they do not fail to keep a vestal fire burning on the shrine of art. With ceaseless

steps they pursue the phantoms of ideality which builds them even in this world a nest of happiness; and in humble ways and in the night of life brings them serenity and cheer.

In this class I may be permitted to place the author of the present volume, whose grave and reverent character was well illustrated in the poems of her earlier book, "Heart Treasures." The dominant note in this collection is a pious resignation to the ills of existence, a measureless faith in the soul's eternity under the providence of God. Her doctrine of submissive patience is typified in the closing stanzas of the poem entitled "A Retrospect:"

"And as we gaze upon the past's rich store
That still is ours, and count it o'er and o'er;
Number the blessings in His mercy given,
And all the joys that's made of earth a heaven;

"We will no longer question in our pain
What of the past? What good doth yet remain?
But make the joys and sorrows yet to come
As stepping-stones to lead us further on."

A similar inspiration pervades the companion pieces, notably, "The Prayer for the Dead," "At Eventide it Will be Light," and "Growing Old," so closely allied to the religious spirit which doubtless is the birthplace of all art.

In the work now before us, "In the Shadow of the Pines," there is a greater diversity of subjects. The sonnet form is introduced. The pageants of

nature unrolled at morn and eve, in winter and summer, strike in the author's heart a deeper sympathetic chord. Altruistic deeds of high-souled men and women receive their portion of praise, and seem to her

A silver stream
Breaking with splendor from the lake divine
Whence all things flow;

while the genius of evil, deathless as it is in the universe, saddens and subdues her muse. To her nature presents a calm and faultless face, and speaks the language of tenderness and peace. She loves to commune on hill and dale with the universal mother, revealing in quiet notes the impressions made upon her mind by such confessionals. This she feels a felicity forever, and so companioned deems that life is a privilege and a benediction,—a prelude to never-ending acts in the drama of existence where the lesson is duty, and the prize, character.

ALFRED A. FURMAN.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

In the shadow of the pines
Watching as the day declines,
As the shades of evening creep
And the darkness grows more deep,
Dreaming of the olden times,
In the shadow of the pines.

Youthful days with rainbow hue,
Rosy-tinted, come in view;
And the sun shines through the rifts,
And the gathered darkness lifts,
Lighting as with touch divine
E'en the shadows of the pine.

But the years that lie between
Still have many a golden gleam;
Sunny spots along life's way
Where our feet delight to stray
As we watch the deepening lines
In the shadow of the pines.

In the future years that seem
Like a dim, prophetic dream,
Who will on this beauty gaze
Lost in thought of other days,
Watching as the day declines
In the shadow of the pines?

FROM MY WINDOW

From my window, looking northward
On the grassy lawn outspread;
Checkered o'er with lights and shadows,
From the maple boughs o'erhead,—

Scene like fairyland enchant's me,
Stately fir trees, grim and tall,
Stand like sentinels on duty,
Keeping watch and ward o'er all—

While the flowering shrubs beneath them
With their weight of snowy bloom,
'Gainst their dark and sombre background,
Lend a charm to their deep gloom.

From my eastern window gazing,
What more lovely can compare!
Poet's pen, or artist's pencil,
Cannot trace a scene more fair,

Than this bit of rustic landscape
That here greets my wondering view,
That from dawn, to daylight's closing,
Is forever fresh and new,

With its grassy, sloping woodland,
And the pathway leading down
Through the pines, with gray rocks leaning
To its side, all verdure crowned.

Here, the morning sunlight falleth
In slant rays its trees among;
And the early warbler trilleth
Songs, the sweetest ever sung,—

While the western sunlight lingers,
Lighting with its farewell gleams,
Tree, and shrub, and mossy upland,
With the radiance of its beams.

From my southern casement leaning,
I behold another scene
Stretched upon fair Nature's canvas,
Set in frame of living green!

In the background, trees and hedge-row,
And between, a latticed bower,
Overhung with drooping branches,
Clinging vine, and fragrant flower.

In the foreground, see young Triton
Blowing, from his "wreathed horn,"
Pearly drops, in soft spray falling
On the velvet tufted lawn!

While the ferns and flowers rising
From their green and mossy bed,
Raise their glowing cups to heaven,
Grateful for the blessing shed.

To the westward, but more distant,
Fairest scene of beauty lies!
In the background, bold Wachusett
Lifts its summit towards the skies;

And below lies hill and valley,
Wood, and field, and meadow fair,
With the homes of thrift and plenty
Scattered o'er them, here and there.

To my raptured gaze, the landscape
Like to charming pictures seem;
And I lose myself in wonder,
As in visions of a dream,—

For at morn, at noon, or nightfall,
Wheresoe'er my eye may turn,
Are the scenes forever shifting,—
Newer beauties I discern,

With the changing lights and shadows;
Till, at last, when day is done,
With the glories of the sunset,
They are blended into one.

A SACRED FELLOWSHIP

Alone with the great heart and soul of Nature!
No sound of voice, no peal of organ tone
To break the stillness, and the deep enchantment
That comes from worship of her forms, alone.

Alone within the quiet wood to wander;
To breathe the fragrant odors of the pine,
And watch the sunbeams through the green boughs
flicker
Lighting the shadows, as with touch divine.

To gaze upon the wide expanse of ocean,
Upon the waves that backward come and go;
To mark the power that moves its mighty waters,
And governs all its ebb-tide and its flow!

Alone to stand upon the mountain summit,
And gaze in wonder on the scene around!
Lost in the grandeur of this vast creation!
Filled with a sense of deepest awe profound.

To turn from Nature with her myriad voices,
To that still voice that speaks within the soul
In clearest accents, ev' more proclaiming
"Thou art a part of this stupendous whole!"

"The same great Being who o'er worlds presideth,
Who holdest, in the hollow of His hand
All the vast waters, for thy being careth
More than thy doubting heart can understand.

"Thou art akin to all great souls immortal,
And heir to all things noble and divine!
No longer kneel in trembling awe and wonder
Before the works of Nature so sublime;

"But know thou art a type of thy Creator!
No form of life, no product of the sod
So closely bears relation to its Maker!
Thy soul the temple of the living God."

THE CLOSED GENTIAN

Does sorrow, deep enfolded, lie
Within thy buds of azure hue,
That thou dost hide it from the gaze
Of the cold world's unpitying view?

A grief, that lies too deep for tears,
Close, closely hid from mortal sight

Behind those veined and drooping lids,
That ne'er will open to the light!

Or does some secret weigh them down?
Some pain, of which the world knows not,
That, buried in thine inmost soul,
Can never, never be forgot?

Surely some language written lies
Folded within thy violet bloom,
As lies earth's hidden treasures deep,
Within the dark and silent tomb!

O, child of solitude thou art!
Hiding within the forest glen,
Or by the brooklet's shady bank,
Far from the sight and sound of men.

Teach me the lesson of thy life!
When envy throws her poisonous dart,
Or sorrow's cold and bitter winds,
Sweep in rude blasts around my heart,

To hide my grief as deep within;
And let the warmth of love's bright ray
Expand my soul, till it shall bloom
As thou, beside life's darkened way.

THEY ALL COME BACK

They all come back; these sunny hours and golden,
Our yearning hearts have waited for so long,
When earth was drear, and winter gave no token
Of summer bloom, of sunshine, or of song.

The crocus, through the snowdrift bravely peeping;
The violet, hiding in some quiet spot;
The sweet arbutus, from its soft bed creeping,
Are never, by God's watchfulness, forgot.

For when the springtime wakes to life and gladness,
They all come back, these absent friends and dear,
Clothed in their old familiar forms of beauty,
Brightening our pathway, bringing light and cheer.

The roses shed again their fragrant petals;
The snowy lilies on the lake's clear breast
Open their eyes to greet God's light and sunshine,
Then close again, in peaceful sleep and rest.

The apple boughs again with fruit are laden;
The fields once more are white with ripened corn;
And homeward with their sheaves of grain returning,
Is heard afar the reaper's harvest song.

The winter moon shines with the same old lustre;
The yule log burns as brightly on the hearth,
Where children's voices, and their merry laughter,
Mingle once more in Christmas joy and mirth.

But do they all come back, our loved and lost ones?
Is not the bridge that spans Death's silent stream,
Worn with the footprints of the loved returning?
Alas! it cannot be we idly dream.

Though absent they may be to outward seeming,
Our listening spirits catch their every tone,
And note the love-light in their fond eyes beaming,
When soul meets soul, and love doth claim its own.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Sweet blossoms of the olden time!
Like some long-lost, forgotten strain,
Struck, once again on Memory's cord,
They bring the absent back again.

Again Thanksgiving day comes round!
And though without 'tis chill and drear,
Within the sacred walls of home
Love lights the hearth, and all is cheer.

Once more, through Memory's glass I see
A cottage window, quaint and low,
Filled with its wealth of Autumn's bloom,—
Chrysanthemums, as white as snow.

Clearly they speak to me as then,
And kind home greetings they repeat;
My mother's voice in welcome blends
With their rich odor, faint and sweet.

In their white bloom I see again
The snowy cloth, and table laid
With tempting food, a goodly store,—
Her patient, loving hands have made.

O beauteous flowers of childhood loved,
I bend in rapture o'er you still!
My thirsty soul at Memory's fount,
Doth stoop, and freely drinks its fill.

THE TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

The tide is low; the pebbly beach
Is strewn with wrecks from out the main!
But soon the waves that ebb, will flow,
And bear them back to sea again.

So ebbs and flows the spirit's tide!
The thoughts that sweep, like wave on wave,
But to recede, or lose themselves
Like shells, within an ocean grave.

As ever restless moans the sea,
Longing to clasp the distant strand;
Beating its shore unceasingly,
Yet stayed, by word of His command;

The yearning soul within us strives,
Impatient of its long delay;
Eager to break the bonds that hold
The spirit chained, from day to day!

But, mid the seeming hush, that broods
O'er ocean's slumbers, deep and still,
From out its heaving breast there comes,
Anon, a sudden sigh and thrill;

A far off murmur, growing clear,
Changing to note of battle din,
Or tread of an advancing host,
As once again the tide rolls in;

So, when Life's surges backward sweep,
Disheartened in their weary quest,
And we can hear their idle waves,
Low sobbing, with a sad unrest;

Then, will the waiting tide roll in
From out the spirit's boundless sea,
Till all its inmost depths are stirred;
Filled with the soul's immensity.

GOOD REST

A summer retreat for working girls, at Lancaster, Mass.
Founded by MRS. NATHANIEL THAYER

How sweet the name to weary souls
With labor, or with care opprest!
To youthful hearts, with toil grown old,
This calm and blest retreat—"Good Rest."

Far from the city's noise and strife,
From all its sin, its want and woes,
This peaceful Home brings pure delight;
Its quiet haunts invite repose.

O, blest are they who, for a time,
Can lay life's vexing cares aside,
And in its cool, refreshing shade,
In calm content and joy abide.

Thrice blest is she, whose noble mind,
The thought of others' good conceived.
Whose kindly heart and open hand,
Earth's weary, toilworn souls relieved.

And yearly, as the season comes,
Her generous sympathy she proves,
And this fair dwelling, refuge meet,
Stands, a memorial of her love.

THE FOUNT OF BLESSING

Chilled-water Fountain, Presented to the Town of Clinton,
Mass., by members and friends of the W. C. T. U.,
October 21, 1903.

The crystal draught that Heaven has brewed,
O, taste it, ye who will!
Drink from this fountain by the way,
And shun the loathsome still!
For in its cup a blessing lies,
All bounteous and free,
Poured lavishly from God's own hand
And proffered unto thee.

No poison lurks within its depths;
No fatal drop to slay;
But fresh and pure from Nature's springs
It hastens on its way;
Trickling adown Wachusett's slope,
At first a tiny rill,
It wanders on, content and free,
Pursuing its sweet will

Till Wekepeke holds it fast
Within its close embrace;
Then want, and strange device of man
Allures it from its place.
All honor be to those whose thought,
Whose timely word and deed,
Gave to us of this water pure,
To serve our every need!

And Clinton's daughters, by their gift
That will for long endure,
Would give it out in cooling draughts
To all her rich and poor.

For if to these, His little ones,
A cup of water's given
In his blest name, the loving deed
Is registered in Heaven.

NATURE'S CHIMES

When woods are green, and all the air is filled
With sounds of life, with insects on the wing,
With bees, that gaily hum from flower to flower,
And warbling birds, that in the tree tops sing;
My heart, responsive to these sights and sounds,
Sings low in clear melodious rhymes,—
With tuneful breeze and softly whispering leaves,
An echo sweet to Nature's gladsome chimes.

When all the woods are tinged with colors gay,
As Autumn flings her painted banners out,
And Summer's army, in its green array,
Has, by its flaming sword, been put to rout,—
My heart again takes up sweet Nature's strain
As forth I wander through her leaf-strewn path,
And listen, as the merry crickets sing
In the deep coolness of the aftermath.

When woods are bare, and Nature's icy hands
Lie folded still upon her pulseless breast;
When chilling winds make sad and bitter moan,
Like souls of sorrow in their deep unrest;
My heart lists not to Winter's sore complaint
But sings the while, though Nature's lips are
dumb,
Waiting the time when she shall touch the strings,
And bird notes tell that Spring again has come.

THE BLESSED LIFE

In memory of JOHN SAWIN, deceased Dec. 9, 1904.

"Mirth was his medicine of life, and industry his prayer for daily bread. Every day of his life was rich with love for others; and every hour was jewelled with joy."

O, the blessed, the beautiful life!
The life of a man among men;
Who lived, and labored and loved,
A brother to all and a friend!
He has laid life's burdens and cares aside
And joined the loved and the glorified.

O, the quiet, the peaceful life,
That flowed like a river on,
Broadening its channel year by year
Through the cycles now past and gone,
Ere the Boatman came at eventide
To row him gently over the tide.

O, the free and the fearless life!
The life without flaw or stain;
Honest in thought, in word and deed,
Worthy his highest aim!
Nobly he battled with zeal and might
For truth, for liberty and for right.

O, the brave, victorious life!
Like a hero when wars are done
Calmly he waited the summoning call,
The call of his Leader, home;
Then gently laid life's armor down
For the soldier's meed, and the victor's crown.

OCTOBER

O, the bright, the golden glory
 Of this rare October day!
Fairest month of all the season,
 Theme of many a poet's lay!
I would touch thy magic harp strings;
 Sing anew, in lighter strain,
To the Harvester's blythe carol,
 And the creaking of the wain.

Brighter grows the crimson blushes
 On the apple's rounded cheek;
Yellow as the Autumn sunlight
 Hangs the ripe and downy peach;
While, from overflowing vineyards,
 Grapes in clustering sweetness lie,
Purple as the deepning colors
 Of thy lovely sunset sky.

In the fields, like hosts encamping,
 Stand the tents of golden corn!
Through a yellow haze the sunlight
 Looks upon a world, new born!
All the trees ablaze with glory,
 Like the burning bush, we're told,
Out of which the Lord was speaking
 To His chosen one of old.

But the span of life is lengthening,
 And its days are gliding on;
Soon, another'll wield thy sceptre
 And thou wilt, alas! be gone;
But thine image we will cherish,
 Closely press to memory's heart,
For the days that give us pleasure
 Never can from us depart.

MERCY'S CRY

Hear, O hear, kind Mercy pleading
At the foot of giant Wrong!
See her tears in pity streaming!
List her cry—"O Lord how long

"Must thy children faint and famish?
Help, O help them I implore!
From the fullness of thy bounty
Give unto the starving poor!

"Lift the heavy yoke that's goading
Helpless men like beasts of toil
Struggling, dying without number,
Slaves within a tyrant's thrall.

"Hollow eyes look up beseeching!
Wasted hands seek alms in vain!
But the sound of coffers groaning
Only echoes to their pain.

"Will the despots ne'er give over?
Rise they not, those spirits brave,
From Havana's turbid waters,
With avenging power to save?"

Hark! the iron bolts are loosening;
Freedom's sons have heard the cry,
Mercy's plea for help entreating,
And are arming ere they die.

Light on Cuba's isle is streaming!
God has heard His children's prayer!
Lo! Heaven's bow of promise spanning
Earth's dark pathway of despair.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

How meet that he, whose quiet hours were spent
Within those walls, should, at the last, repose
In death's calm sleep within that hallowed place,—
“Temple of Peace”—sacred to noble thoughts,
Born of a mind from whose clear depths they gushed
Like springs unchecked, in streams of silver words.
Champion of right! of poor humanity!
Though ne'er inured to hardship or to toil,
His great mind could conceive of wretchedness
And want; of penury that left its sting
In hearts that sank beneath its deadly touch;
And all these pitying scenes of human life
Stamp'd on his brain, he, with untiring zeal,
Strove to replace with something bright and fair;
To hang along the pictured walls of time,
Scenes upon which the Angel-hosts could gaze,
Nor turn in grief away. In statesmanship
And knowledge unsurpassed, he plead the cause
Of the down-trodden race, and sought to lift
The common people up to higher planes
Of thought and action, by his fearless speech.
And now, the head that planned, the heart that beat
Responsive to their need, are still in death!
But for this noble, for this “Grand old man,”
O, who hath tears to weep! his work is done,
His sun of life in radiant light has set,
To rise in splendor in some brighter sphere.
Though leagues of ocean intervene between,
United prayers go up from hearth and shrine,
Attesting his great worth. Though millions mourn
His loss, his influence, through coming years,
Will still be felt; a power for good, moving
To duty with a purpose true, brave souls,

To do and dare for others' sake; cementing
Nations in the bonds of unity and peace,
And helping bring the glorious kingdom in,
Of truth, and love, and human righteousness.

HALF MAST

In memory of our martyred President, WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
Assassinated September 6, 1901.

Droops the flag, a Nation's glory,
Over all the land today!
Sadly in the breeze it flutters;
Draped its colors bright and gay;
For our loved and honored chieftain,
After days of weary pain,
Pierced by an assassin's bullet,
Lo, is lying with the slain!

Not in fiendish guise, the murderer
Did the deadly missile send;
Not in secret or in silence,
But in semblance of a friend
Pressed he, through the crowd surrounding,
Where our noble leader stood
With his friendly hand extended
In true love and brotherhood!

But the demon held a weapon
Close concealed from mortal view;
And the angels turned, with shuddering,
From the deed he fain would do!
Sped the bullet on its errand,
Pierced that noble heart and brave;
Now a Nation mourns in sorrow,
O'er another martyr's grave.

But the wheel of time is turning,
 Justice sleeps but is not dead;
Though the flames of direst treason
 By the fires of hate are fed,—
God still reigns! though darkness broodeth
 Over our beloved land,
He will guide the ship in safety;
 Steer it with his own true hand.

EGLANTINE

Fair roses of mid-summer time!
 Thy clusters opening to the light,
Beneath the scorching July heat,
 Grow strangely beautiful and bright.

While thy sweet sisters droop and fade,
 Touched by the Sun-God's fervid kiss,
Thou, in thy maiden modesty,
 Bloom on in blushing loveliness.

But mingled pain and pleasure lies
 Enfolded in thy glowing heart;
Why, when the tide of joy runs high,
 Must sorrow ever have her part?

Dost mourn because the summer tide
 Is hastening onward to its close,
Or art thou mindful of thy doom,
 Thou sweetly fair, but fragile rose?

But joy and pain will e'er be found,
 The bitter mingled with the sweet!
When pleasure's rife, there comes a time
 For sorrow's tears, that all must weep.

O, it were vain to mourn earth's loss!
Thy fate, fair rose, will come to all!
As thy bright leaves will scattered be,
And one by one to earth will fall,—

So shall we slumber in the dust!
O well, if in God's blooming time
We set our faces towards the light,
And strive, like thee, to upward climb.

CLARA BARTON

Priestess in sufferings's realm, I see thee stand
Holding a hero's place; in thy right hand
The Spirit's weapon, wielded not in vain
Through conflicts fierce, thy noble cause to gain!

Thy life has been a blessing! fadeless laurels bright
Should crown thee, "Daughter of the Light!"
Whose years, since first their youthful course began,
Have been devoted to thy fellow man.

Thou, for thy country in her sore distress,
Give up thine all! all that thou did'st possess!
Health, wealth and comfort, love of home and friend,
All were renounced to serve a noble end!

Strong was thy will and dauntless! power to feel
The wounds of others, that thou could'st not heal,
Led thee to keel, as suppliant at the throne,
And make thy suffering brother's cause,—thine own.

Nor, for their mercy, did'st thou plead in vain,
Or strive to wipe from War's pale brow, the stain!
For lo! through darkness, of all hope bereft,
A light doth break, the battle smoke is cleft,

And gleaming, as a signal sent to save,
The Red Cross emblem, fold on fold doth wave
As sign and token of the power and might
Of woman's love, in struggle for the right!

O, calm and strong in noble womanhood,
What power is thine to do another good!
No mission dost thou claim, but to obey
The Master's call to work while 'tis day.

For, clear above the tumult and the din
Of War's dread sound, is ever heard within
The voice of duty, bidding thee to rise
And gird thine armor for the sacrifice.

And deep below the tide of human strife,
Flows calmly on the current of thy life,—
Its channel broadening in the onward flow
Of mercies, done alike to friend or foe.

In foreign lands, when loud the battle cry
Soundeth afar, where brave men meet to die,—
There with the sufferers, by the wounded, slain,
I see thee kneel upon that battle plain.

Heaven's true Evangel! thou dost ever bear
Tidings of good, and blessings where so e'er
Thy humble, patient, loving footsteps tend,
Foe to oppression, and sweet Mercy's friend.

THE SHRINE OF TAH-KI

Though the clouds and mist of a century
Have hung o'er that western vale,
From out of the past's dim legends
Comes this sad and wondrous tale.

On Colorado's peaceful soil,
Where the village of Georgetown stands;
Once roamed at will, through forests wild,
Ferocious Indian bands.

For years there had been a struggle
'Tween the tribes on the mount and plain;
Now, a "Council of Peace" was called for,
And the Chief among the Cheyennes,—

Was Cor-nu-co-ya, the powerful;
While, from the northern tribe,
The good Tu-se-now was chosen,
Whose wisdom spread far and wide.

He brought a beautiful daughter;
Tah-ki, was the maiden's name,
The pride of that mountain region,
And the tribe from which she came.

Long, long, the parley lasted;
Till a trial of skill was sought;
And the fiercest, bloodiest battle
Between the tribes was fought!

And brave Tu-se-now, the leader
Of the mountain tribe, was slain;
And his beautiful daughter captured
By the "Red Dogs" of the plain.

But her spirit proud, revolted!
No slave would she ever be!
Pure, as the air of her mountains
She would suffer, or be free!

And so to a stake they bound her,
And heaped the fagots high;
While the smoke and flames ascended
In streams toward that western sky,—

Until every trace and vestige
Of the beauty that once had been,
Was swept from the sight of her captors,
As the last cloud rose to heaven.

And then—a strange convulsion!
As though Nature did rebel,
The mountains shook and trembled,
Then on them tottering fell,

Burying in terror beneath them,
The victors with the slain;
Heaped in one mass together
Upon that battle plain!

The captives, from a distance,
Gazed upward in affright;
When lo! upon that broken cliff,
They saw a wondrous sight!

Upon its face, carved from the rock,
Behold, the features fair,
Of Tah-ki brave, the martyred maid,
Who late had suffered there!

Still stands the statue, where it stood
A hundred years ago,
Keeping its silent vigil there,
O'er the graves of friend and foe!

Above that peaceful village,
Like a sentinel it stands,
Guarding with trustful care the spot,
Where sleep those Indian bands!

And long, the dusky warriors,
The followers of her line,
Came yearly to that sacred spot
To kneel at Tah-ki's shrine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

He sits by the fireside musing,
Watching the embers decay;
But his thoughts are not in the present,
But with the past, far away!

And a pictured face in the firelight,
Is all that he can see;
The face and form of his darling,—
Just as she used to be,

Before her feet grew weary
Upon Life's upward road,
And the pitying angels bore her
Home, to their blest abode.

The eyes with the tender lovelight;
The hair all flecked with gold;
And the rosy lips, he so often
Has kissed in the days of old.

He can hear her rippling laughter;
'Tis borne to his listening ear
With every gust of the wintry wind,
That sound, familiar and dear.

And he feels her presence near him;
Her hand on his arm is laid,
And he hears her whispered greeting,
"It is I, be not afraid!"

"I've come from the home of the spirit,—
The land of the shadowy past,
To bring you my love and blessing,
The love that time doth outlast!

"I'm nearer to you than seeming,
For Death but unbars the way,
And the soul escapes its confines
When it throws off its garb of clay!

"Though life is shrouded with sorrow,
With doubt and blinding fear,
Love lights the opening portal,
And the angel hosts draw near.

"And over the sad and suffering,—
The weary, earth-tired one,
They breathe their tenderest blessing,
Whene'er you bid them come."

THE FATED VILLAGE

A mist lies low o'er the valley!
Though the sun is shining bright,
A cloud is gathering darkly
That soon will obscure the light!
Far off we can hear a murmur,
Like the ocean's restless tide,
As it sweeps the shores of fancy,
With its waters, deep and wide;

And the peaceful, happy village,
That lies nestling in the glen,
Is swept from our gaze forever,—
From the sight and sound of men!
The place we have known since childhood,
Ah! never again shall we see!
Like the fated village of Grand-Pre,
'Twill live but in memory.

We can see a sad procession,
Like the villagers of yore,
Pass out to the open highway
With their household goods and store;
And, like the Acadia peasants,
Look back with many a sigh
And heartfelt sob of anguish,—
Bidding a fond goodbye

To the homes their hearts have cherished,
To which they fondly cling;
Where they've lived and loved together
Since life's bright, early spring;
These hallowed spots in memory,
Sacred to all the past,
The drear, deserted hearthstones
On which they have looked their last.

O not as of old, will the forests
In their strength and beauty abide!
For lo, the hand of the spoiler,
Will lay them low, in their pride!
No wail from their desolate branches;
No answering sob or sigh,
To tell of the sad, sad story,
Or to give back a lone reply.

Only a wild waste of waters!
Beneath whose darkened wave,
The hopes of the past lie buried
Within a watery grave.
But naught can dim the picture,
Or hide from memory's gaze,
The bright, the blissful vision
Of the scenes of other days.

OLD PORTRAITS

Loan Exhibit. Fiftieth Anniversary, Town of Clinton, Mass.
June 18, 1900.

From walls of parlor and study,
From cosey corner and nook,
They are brought, these portraits olden,
On which we delight to look.
The young in the pride of manhood; ~
The grey haired sire and wife
Who have passed beyond's earth's shadows
To the light of heavenly life.

And for those who have cleared the pathway
In which we walk today,
We would twine a wreath of remembrance,
And garland their brows with bay!
For they were the brave, strong hearted,

The founders of our town,
Who strove not for honor or glory,
Or to win the world's renown.

Who boasted not of their conquests;
Who gloried not in the fall
Of the leading ones in power,
But who labored, each and all
To raise a goodly structure,
One that would long endure,
Perfect in its proportions,
In its foundation sure.

Lovers of law and order,
They strove to sow with care
The seeds of truth and temperance
Within their borders fair;
That they might yield a harvest
For future hands to reap;
A store of richest treasure
That would forever keep.

MOONLIGHT

Softly the moonlight bathes earth's fevered brow!
Tenderly, as a mother's soothing hand
Is laid upon her restless, sleeping child,
Worn out and weary with its long day's sport,—
So falls its touch upon the tired earth
When from its work-day struggle 'tis released!
What peace and quiet do its pale beams shed
Upon the heart grown weary with earth's cares,
Longing for rest, and yet denied its boon!
Like a clear tide it floods the spirit o'er,
And bringeth peace with its pure light serene.

Free as God's air, it blesseth all alike,
And falls as brightly on the peasant's cot,
As on the gilded palace of the king!
The weary sentry, on his nightly round,
Gathers new strength whene'er its cheerful rays
Dispel the darkness; and Hope and Courage,
Man's unfaltering guides, attend his steps,
Renew his sinking frame, to boldly stand,
Fearless and strong in danger's staring face,
Upheld and strengthened by its magic spell.

The lonely prisoner, through his narrow grate,
Hails it with joy, when silently it steals,—
Stealthy and noiseless as a midnight thief,
Across his cold, damp cell And those who lie
Helpless on beds of pain, welcome its presence
As a bright guest sent from the spirit world,
When its bright rays light up the darkened room
With silvery radiance, pure as heavens' beams.

Peaceful it lies upon the grassy mound,
Where calmly sleep the loved and sainted dead!
Lighting the darkness of the yew tree's shade,
And, gleaming on the marble stone, we read
By its pale light, the cherished name carved deep
Upon its surface bright, the name of those
Who sleep below, unmindful of its beams
Because their spirits bright bathe in the light,
The purer light of Heaven's eternal glow.

ANGEL WIFE

“Lightly lies the snow above thee,
Angel Wife!
Pure as was thy loving spirit,
Soul and life!
Covering the faults of others,
With thy love;
Dropping balm, as drops the snowflake
From above.

“Blessing me with untold blessings,
All my life!
When Life’s tempest beat about us,
Calm in strife!
Ever to God’s will submitting
Thou did’st bow;
Hoping, trusting, loving, praying,
Happy thou!

“Faithful to the words imprinted
True and grand,
On thy precious Bible’s cover,
By thy hand;

“On Life’s short but onward journey,
Passing through,—
What I can of loving service,
Let me do!”

“Pledge I, to thy loving spirit,
Angel Wife!
With the Father’s help and blessing,
Through my life,
Ever to thy blessed memory
True to be,
That our lives be not divided
Through Eternity.”

FREEDOM SONG

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U., Clinton, Mass., on their
Twenty-first Anniversary.

Freedom! what means the word
To those who ne'er have heard
 Its blissful sound?
Who grope in error's night,
Uncheered by Love's pure light,
No star of Hope in sight,
 In fetters bound.

Slave to Drink's fearful vice;
Pure manhood's sacrifice,
 Its curse and blight!
Luring from virtue's way;
Wielding its deadly sway;
Keeping the right at bay,
 With powerful might.

Freedom from galling chains,
And from the curse that reigns
 On every hand!
Bravely to stand alone;
Fearless the right to own,
And Sin's dark ways disown,
 With courage grand.

Freedom to fight the foe
That bringeth pain and woe,
 The tyrant—Rum!
That earth's weak ones allure;
Robbing the rich and poor;
Bringing destruction sure
 To heart and home.
Freedom to rid our land

Of its accursed brand,
 Of its foul stain!
To drive from gilded den
This foe, in garb of friend,
And all our sons defend
 From sin and shame.

“For God and Home,” we stand!
For this and every land
 Pledge we to night!
The battle ne’er give o’er,
Till, on fair Freedom’s shore,
The scourge of Drink no more
 Shall cast its blight.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

Swiftly the shadows fringe the hem of day,
As darkness traileth on the robes of night!
Forth come the stars, Heaven’s shining jewels bright,
Studding its bosom with their steady ray,
Like beacons, set for wandering souls astray;
Amidst the gloom they shine with radiant light,
Symbols of strength, of loving power and might,
Whose splendor guides, whose care protects alway.

Anon, the first faint streaks of coming dawn
Purple the east; the stars fade, one by one,
Before the brightness of the day new-born,
The dazzling splendor of the rising sun!
So will earth’s night of pain and grief give way,
Beneath the light of Heaven’s resplendent day.

EVIL

O, the mystery of evil,

In a world where God doth reign!

Sin, in every form, abounding;

Want, and misery, and pain!

Who can tell us of its meaning?

Who its mission can define,

Or, with Optimist declare it

"Educator of mankind!"

Lo, it lurks in every corner

Of this universe so fair!

Are there roses in our pathway?

Piercing thorns bid us beware!

Does the sunshine, with its brightness,

Flood us with a golden light?

Gathering shadows soon obscure it;

Day gives place to darkest night!

Hear the whole creation groaning

In its throes of grief and pain!

Never note of joy or gladness,

But is heard a minor strain;

Blooming youth, and sturdy manhood,

By Death's cruel hand laid low!

Mourning hearts, and lonely hearthstones,

Sorrows, such as all may know.

Wherefore this, again we question?

Must sin ever dwell on earth?

All the hates, the strifes, the passions,

O'er, and o'er again, have birth?

Is our faith in progress waning,

That we muse in doubting mood,

And may not this present evil,

Be the undeveloped good?

FROST FLOWERS

Gifts of the virgin year,
Spotless and bright;
Clad in your vestal robes
Of dazzling white;
Brightly o'er hill and vale
Your blossoms gleam;
Clustered in shining groups
By wood and stream!

Gone is the summer's bloom,—
Locked fast in sleep!
Naught but the pale frost flowers,
Their vigils keep!
Peering like spectres white
Through the crisp snow,
Ghosts of the blossoms sweet,
Of long ago.

Sown by stern Winter's hand,
Nursed by his cold,
Lo, at his magic touch
Their leaves unfold;
Decking each woodland spray
With snowy plume;
Making the wayside drear
To bud and bloom.

How their frail blossoms white,
Gladden the eye!
Seem they like spirit flowers
Dropped from the sky!
As frail and shadowy like,
One moment here,
Then from our raptured sight,
They disappear.

SWEET DEATH

We shrink from Death, regarding him a foe,
Whom we should kindly welcome as a friend
To gently lead us, when we near life's end,
Where we, in blindness, cannot see to go,—
To fairer fields where living waters flow
And brighter skies above us gently bend;
Where loved ones' voices in rich music blend,
And bid us welcome home, in accents low.

O, wherefore call it Death, this all of life!
Life, where no shade of sorrow e'er can come;
Full and abounding, free from pain and strife,
Where no heart suffers, nor shall hopeless roam;
Where love, and joy, and heavenly peace is rife,
Life that is health, and happiness, and home.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

The spirit world lies all about us here!
Its borders touch this alien land of ours!
Fragrant our air with breath of unseen flowers,
Sweet incense wafted from that heavenly sphere;
While distant still, but ever growing clear,
Through the still pauses of earth's lonely hours,
Sweet spirit voices from those radiant bowers,
Like music fall upon our listening ear!

O, not in some dim, phantom realm remote,
Dwell the pure souls, freed from this mortal clay!
But nearer to us than we e'er may note,
They walk with us through all life's rugged way!
And blends the earthly with the heavenly love,
As human hands clasp viewless ones above.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

"So many roads lead up to God 'twere strange if any soul
should miss them all."

I have oft times read of the "Shining Way,"
That only the Saints have trod;
Whose streets are paved with glittering gold,
Leading up to the throne of God!
But somehow the vision grows dim and blurred,
I can see but the thorny road,
Where earth's weary ones, through the dust and heat,
Are bearing Life's heavy load.

But sometime, I know, the journey will end,
And the last long mile be past;
The thorny be merged in the shining way,
And home be reached at last!
For the way to Heaven leads up through Earth;
Though it windeth and windeth on,
It will lead, at last, to the "Golden Door,"
And to rest in the sweet Beyond.

THE GOLDEN KEY

A golden lock with a misfitted key,
That opens not the door of mystery,
The human heart, wherein is hid from view
The soul's rich mine, that's only known to few;
A chosen few,—twin souls, that ne'er can part,
For love's strong tendrils bind them heart to heart.

Our truest motives oft times are belied,
Because the golden key is never tried;
The key of love, of justice, that will ope
The door to trust, to happiness and hope;
Those priceless jewels of the heart and mind,
Which, if we seek, we ever more shall find.

How oft we miss the means of doing good
Because, alas! we are not understood!
How blind or dull of sight, who cannot see
With inner vision, what we strive to be;
Who gauge us only by the outward sight,
Nor read our souls by love's unclouded light.

The deepest sorrow that the heart can feel,
Is when it tries that sorrow to conceal!
When all its efforts and its aims for good
Are daily, hourly, being misconstrued!
How sweet the thought that in the better land,
We, face to face, shall see and understand.

SAINT FRANCES

IN MEMORY ON FRANCES E. WILLARD.
Deceased Feb. 17, 1898.

"I am Merlin, and I am dying, but I'll follow the Gleam,"
"How beautiful to be with God!" she said,
When darkness veiled her eyes from mortal scene,
And she, no more, could follow on the "Gleam"
That shone afar, albeit, o'er the dead,
It shed its halo round her sainted head.
From death to life she woke as from a dream!
The heavenly light still shone with radiant beam,
As angel hands, her spirit upward led.

Well did she struggle on life's battle-plain
To rout the foe,—our Leader in command—
With Sin's dread host encamped upon the field,
Nobly she fought for God and native land!
Well may we crown her "Saint," and to her bring
Our heart's best gifts; love's richest offering.

LAUS DEO

"God is with us; He has brought us through!"
So sang the Russian peasants, as thy came
To our free shores, from tyranny and shame;
Like that brave band of exiles, strong, but few,
That came of old, the valiant and the true,
They seek a land, where, without wrong or blame,
They can, unhindered, call upon God's name,
Fearless of man, and of his power to do.

That sovereign power, that brooks no thought or mood

Beyond its will; for God, to them, means Good!
A power of life; a power of love and light,
Implanted in them, their eternal right;
Of thought and reason, freedom from all ill,
Save that which comes of His most holy will.

A VANISHED RACE

Preserved in bronze! the last of all their race!
The stalwart form, the features strong and bold,
That marked the visage of those tribes of old,
Fashioned in models, ere is lost the trace,
Or likeness true, of that strange Indian face!
But, from those passive lips can n'er be told
The cruel wrongs and sufferings manifold,—
The story of a Nation's sore disgrace.
Robbed of their rights, dupes of the white man's spoil,
These sons of Nature, free-born of her soil,
Before the march of progress, one by one,
At his behest have moved still further on;
Their tribes, on every hand, swept far and wide,
Like helpless crafts upon an ocean tide.

MORN

Thou comest, Morn, in light and beauty clad;
With shining jewels in thy golden hair,
And rosy blushes on thy forehead fair;
Lighting with smiles the face of Nature sad,
And, by thy presence, making all things glad!
Sweet is thy breath with countless odors rare;
O, nothing purer can with it compare,
Or, to its perfume, richer fragrance add.

And hushed thy steps, as though afraid that they
Might waken mortals from their slumbers deep;
Noiselessly swings the pearly gate of day,
As thou, from night's embrace, doth softly creep!
And they, who lone and weary vigils keep,
Welcome thy coming o'er the shining way.

REUNITED

To J. L. C.

Only a little way
To where your loved one's gone!
Only a shining path that led
From darkness unto dawn.

Only a step before
Your toiling feet, she stands
Secure upon the heavenly heights,
Above earth's shadow land.

Only a little while
Of loneliness and pain,
Ere you will meet the loved and lost,
Never to part again.

THE FADELESS FLOWER

Upon the removal of the body of General Grant from the tomb where it had rested twelve years, there was found in a wreath placed upon the cedar box containing his casket, a white rose, in an almost perfect state of preservation,

O, fadeless rose, sweet type of constancy!
Guarding his rest through all these silent years,
Changeless and pure, undimmed by shade or fears;
Like faithful sentinel that will not flee,
Or leave the treasure trusted unto thee!
It may be, that the loved ones tender tears,
Shed o'er thy bloom, for him, who knew no peers,
Hath kept thee fresh and fair, immortality.

Sleep on, thou Hero! thou hast won thy rest!
It matters not what sepulchre be thine!
Thy memory, within each freeman's breast,
Hath found a truer, a more sacred shrine!
Fadeless and pure, like thine sweet rose, the bloom
Of love's immortelles, laid upon his tomb.

AUTUMN LEAVES

See them gaily fluttering down!
Jewels bright from Autumn's crown,
Crimson-tinted, amber and brown.

Softly falling in golden showers;
Dropping down through the stilly hours,
From Summer's thickly woven bowers.

Weaving a carpet like cloth of gold;
Laying it deftly, fold on fold,
Fresh from the loom of Nature old.

Spreading the forests and fields we tread
With a coverlet warm for the flowers' bed;
Shielding them from the storms o'er head.

Floating away to their peaceful rest;
Nestling closely to Earth's warm breast,
Like birdlings to their downy nest.

Dropping, as drops the ripened grain
When the harvest is on the wane;
Falling down with the Autumn rain!

Gently swooning at Nature's feet;
Hiding away in some lone retreat,
To sleep their long and dreamless sleep.

SOUL FETTERS

If deeply hidden in thine heart,
Some hope or wish lies unexpressed;
A dream, that haunts thee, day by day,
That will not let thy spirit rest;
If doubt or fear thine acts control,
O, be not of thyself afraid,
But break the fetters of thy soul;
Be what thou prayest to be made!

Let not the sound of worldly speech,
E'er check thee in thine onward course!
Heed not its censure or its praise,
But listen to the inward voice
That bids thee stand for truth and right;
And own the law that makes men free,—
The law of love, not bound by creed,
That giveth life and liberty.

CURFEW BELLS

Welcome in the old time ringing
 Of the Curfew Bell!
Peace and gladness it is bringing,
 Hear it rise and swell!
Ringing out, the lawless customs
 Of the present time;
Ringing in the reign of order,
 With its tuneful chime.

Anxious hearts grown tired with waiting,
 Hail its glad return!
Light the fire upon the hearthstone,
 Let it brightly burn!
For the hour of the home coming
 Now is drawing on;
Listen to the Curfew pealing!
 Day is past and gone.

Gone the noisy sound and clamor
 Of the busy mart!
Now the rest, and quiet home-joys,
 Should engage the heart!
For the flame upon its altar
 Ever burneth bright;
Steadfastly, above all others,—
 Love's true beacon light.

Gather in our sons and daughters
 From the crowded street!
Let them find beneath the roof-tree,
 Sure and safe retreat!
For the powers of sin and darkness
 Lie in wait without;
Save the young, the weak, the guileless,

Put the foe to rout!
Ringing out the lawless customs
 Of the present time;
Ringing in the reign of order,
 With its tuneful chime.

THE MAGIC SEA

I sit by the side of the magic sea,
And gaze on its blue immensity!
I hear it murmur a glad refrain;
Anon, it will sob, like a soul in pain!
O wonderful sea, whose history deep
Its white-lipped waves will ever keep,
Nor ne'er reveal the secrets that hide
Beneath its ebbing and flowing tide.

What marvelous tales of wrecks, O sea!
On thy raging surf could written be!
Of thy caverns deep, where lie in state,
The brave, true hearts, of the good and great!
What millions of wealth thou hast in store,
That will ne'er be swept on thy wave-washed shore;
The priceless treasures of toil and gain,
Deep, deeply buried, beneath the main.

O magical sea! thou dost cast a spell
O'er this heart of mine that I ne'er can tell!
A feeling sublime, that is mingled with fear;
Of wonder, and awe of the power that is here,
Who holds the waters within His hand,
And guides the ships to the waiting strand
That, breasting the wind and the seething foam,
Bringeth the wanderer safely home.

THE DEPARTED

Call them not dead, who, in departing, leave
A living presence, though we see them not!
A look, a tone, that cannot be forgot;
And though for them our lonely hearts may grieve,
Fond Memory brings a kind, though sad reprieve,—
A respite from the sorrow of our lot,
And gives the absent back to us in thought,
To cheer and strengthen, comfort and relieve.

For us they wrought! and bravely bore their part
Like noble heroes, to defend the right;
And slight the burdens that we bear to day,
Because their zeal has helped to make them light!
For us they cleared, like pioneers, the way;
O, may we keep their names in memory, bright.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Whene'er I gaze upon thy kindly face,
So full of tenderness and noble thought,
I think how much thy gifted mind has wrought
For God and man. In the sweet words of grace
Dropped from thy pen, thy power for good I trace;
Those words of truth, with inspiration fraught,
Whose deepest meaning was from Heaven caught,
No lapse of time or change, can e'er efface.

But not alone thy matchless words of song
Shall live for aye; thy noble life as well,
Shall, through the coming of the ages long,
In acts of love its true devotion tell!
“Though hearts are dust, still will heart's loves
remain,”
And blossom forth in other lives again.

FRIENDS

Too oft, alas! friends are not what they feign!
For friendship dulls, like to a gilded toy,
Where, by and by, is shown the base alloy,
And on its glowing surface bright, a stain
That larger grows; and though we try in vain
To bring the lustre back, like some past joy,
That time, with ruthless hand came to destroy,
'Tis gone, and never more will come again.

But there are friends that time can never change!
Whose friendship pure, no spot or stain can mar;
That years or distance never can estrange:
Like steady beam of some fixed, glowing star
That wanders never through Heaven's distant range,
Their friendship, like their souls, immortal are.

HOSPITAL SHIP—BAY STATE

Floats the Life Ship upon the waiting tide!
United souls in hamlet, town and mart,
Hail her with joy! and pulses every heart
As forth she sails, in stately pomp and pride,
On her blest mission o'er the ocean wide,
Fully equipped and manned in every part;
Hope for her anchor, Wisdom for her chart,
The Red Cross signal her defence and guide.

Where fierce and wild the storms of battle beat,
She pours her oil upon the seething wave,
Calming the raging tide of fever's heat!
While Mercy stands beside the helm to save;
And Pity, with her tender touch and sweet,
Rescues Death's victims from a yawning grave.

OMNIPRESENCE

Lo, God is here! behold His seal is laid
In brightest colors, if we will but look
And read aright fair Nature's open book.
In glowing type we see it here displayed
On field and forest, shining wood and glade;
In varied tints, on every wayside nook,
And painted leaf, gay mirrored in the brook,—
God's autograph, in gold and crimson made.

O, clearer far than sacred words proclaim,
Do Nature's voices, as with one accord,
Declare alike His great and holy name;
The ever living, ever present God!
The life of all this wondrous world we see,
Omniscient, omnipresent Deity.

THE PASSING YEAR

Another year has winged its silent flight
Across the dim and tractless waste of years,
Bearing our burdens, all our hopes and fears;
All that it brought of sorrow or delight,
Is merged in darkness, as the day in night!
But clear and bright in Memory's sky, appears
The star of faith, that lights the way and cheers,
And brings the past again before our sight.

The bright springtime of promise that was ours
We live again, nor count it one spring less;
The summer comes with all its wealth of flowers,
And gives us back the old-time happiness;
And autumn glories fade not from our sight
Through winter's reign of coldness and of blight.

MAY'S ADVENT

Give place, give place, O April kind,
For her who comes to win the prize;
Who follows with her royal train
Through greener fields, neath fairer skies!

The trees put on their bridal robes;
The air is filled with sweet perfume;
The wild bird's carol wakes the morn,
And all is beauty, all is bloom.

But not in vain thy skies have wept,
Thy grief distilled in tears of rain,
For thou has brought from seeming death
Life, light and beauty, once again.

Nor thine alone the sacrifice!
Soon will fair May, with cheeks of bloom,
Grow pale, and languish by the side
Of her blithe sister, bright-eyed June.

ASPIRATION

Something to do, some purpose to fulfill;
Some plan evolve, for hand and heart and will;
For earnest labor, strong endeavor's might;
Something to do from early morn till night.

Something to be, beside the child of fate;
To break the bars of custom's iron gate;
Unloose the shackles, bid the soul go free,
To roam at will through God's immensity!

Something to see, beyond earth's narrow plane;
Some glimpse of Heaven's infinity to gain;
To feel that o'er us broods a higher power,
To cheer and strengthen us from hour to hour.

Something to do, to carry out His plan;
Something to do for God and fellow man;
To help the fainting, and the hungering feed,
For these the soul doth have eternal need.

THE BEACON LIGHT

Written of the First Parish Church, Ashby, Mass.

High upon that wind-swept summit,
Stands the old church on the hill!
O'er it falls the summer sunlight;
Round it winter winds blow chill!
Still it stands through time and changes
Pointing, with its glittering spire,
Upward, like a soul aspiring
Toward the Heaven of its desire.

Like a beacon to the sailor,
Or a watch fire in the night,
Gleams the light upon its steeple,
With a starry radiance bright!
Guide to many a weary pilgrim
Toiling on in earnest quest,
Leading them in true devotion
To this hallowed place of rest,—

Where the words of Christ, the Master,
Fall upon the listening ear;
Blessed words of truth and duty,
Bringing comfort, hope and cheer!
“Be your light a guide to others;
Your true life a quenchless flame
Kindling cold hearts of others;
Glorifying God's great name.”

THE SONG OF THE BELLS

List! to the musical chime of the bells,
Pealing out clearly upon the still air;
Sweetly inviting to praise and to prayer!
Now, like a chorus, it rises and swells!
Now, softly speaks, in a language that tells
All earth's weary souls, o'ershadowed with care,
Patiently striving life's sorrows to bear,
To look to the Light that all darkness dispels.

Sweetly it echoes like tones of the past,
Ringing the notes of a gladsome song;
Telling of joys, that ever will last;
Of love, that endures through Eternity long;
Bidding them hope and forever hold fast
To right, that will triumph over the wrong.

SUNDAY

Sweet Sabbath day! the chief among the seven!
Glad day of rest, to toiling millions given!
Bringing the weary, over-burdened soul,
A balm of peace, to heal and make it whole.

Throw open wide the sanctuary door,
That all may freely enter, and no more
Stand from without! aye, seek the wandering one,
And bid him gladly to God's dwelling come.

But not alone the temples made by man
Invite his presence. Lo, on every hand
Nature to Heaven lifts up her tall green spires,
And from her chancel chant His chorus choirs.

Dare not with lawlessness the day profane!
And make it not a time for greed or gain,—
This chosen one, in wisdom set apart,
To rest the body, and refresh the heart.

MEMORY BELLS

“I can see the bells low swinging,
Bells that you, dear heart, had planned
Should be hung within the Chancel
As though placed by my own hand!
Do not grieve because they could not,
On this bright, glad day of cheer,
For I see and know dear Mother,—
And in spirit I am here!

“I remember how, on Easter,
Stood I, on the Altar stair,
And repeated words you taught me,
Of God’s boundless love and care!
Of the stars that never fail us;
Of the earth, the sky, the sea,
How for all of these He careth,
But the most of all, for me!

“For it said,—that Easter message,
And how true it seems to day,
‘God and I will live and love you,
When all else has passed away!’
Let the Memory Bells swing outward!
I can hear their blessed chime,
Ringing peace and joy and gladness;
Yours, dear Mother, for all time.”

AT LAST

In memory of M. K. F.

In peace and rest at last!
Grown weary on Life's way,
Sweetly she sleeps, as toilers sleep,
Calmly at close of day.

With folded hands and still,
Her burdens all laid down,—
Earth's heavy cross of grief and pain,
Exchanged for Heaven's bright crown.

How like, her life and death!
Calmly Life's path she trod,
Meekly she bowed to Heaven's decree,
Her will, the will of God!

In saintly patience still,
Though sick and sad of heart,
Bravely she strove for others sake,
To do her humble part.

With tender care to lead
The aged steps and slow,
Gently adown Life's western slope,
Through the bright sunset glow.

But now her journey's o'er!
Her days of sorrow passed!
With joy she's reached the heavenly home;
Safe with the loved at last.

APRIL RAIN

List, O list! the gentle tapping
 Of the April rain!
To my heart it brings no sorrow,
 Neither sigh nor pain,
As I listen to its music
 O'er and o'er again.

For its tears of seeming anguish
 Are not shed in vain!
Nature's heart for them doth languish!
 Bound by Winter's chain,
How it leaps and thrills with gladness
 At the April rain!

How the shrunken grass blades quiver,
 As the falling rain
Drops upon their downcast faces
 On the barren plain;
And they wake to life and verdure,
 At its sweet refrain!

And the flowers greet its coming!
 Silent have they lain
Underneath the cold, damp leaflets
 Waiting for the rain!
Now, with smiling eyes of beauty,
 Look they up again.

WITCH HAZEL

A shy little witch, is Hazel,
Who waits until summer has fled,—
Till all the woods are sere and brown,
And all the flowers are dead,—
Before she will venture a footstep,
This strange little maid, demure,
Or come, with face all smiling,
To open her close-shut door.

But when Saint Martin's summer,
With its still and sunny days,
Throws its mantle over Autumn,—
Of soft and purple haze;
When you catch a gleam all golden
On the trees, like fine lace spun,
Ah! then you may know that Hazel
Her dress making has begun.

She is robing her maids of the forest,
In the loveliest summer gown,
That far outrivals in beauty,
The rustling, brown dresses around;
And thus, you may always find her,
At work, while others rest,—
This tardy child of Nature,
Who follows her own behest.

SLEEP

Strange guest, who stealest with thy noiseless tread,
Through the dim chambers of the silent night,
Putting our sorrows and our cares to flight,—
Thy gentle footfall wakes no sound of dread,
But bringest peace and quietness instead!

Like happy children, filled with strange delight,
As some new wonder bursts upon their sight,
So, step by step, through dream-land are we led.

O, sad, indeed, and wretched were our lot,
If we, thy kindly aid could not implore!
Thou makest smooth each rough and rugged spot,
And easest all our heavy budens sore!
When worn and weary, how we flee to thee
For rest and strength, thou "Lesser mystery."

THE VESPER HYMN

"Come sing to me my darling,
For the light is growing dim;
The song you sing at twilight,—
That sweet old vesper hymn!

"It will sooth my troubled spirit,
With its soft and tender strain,
Lifting the burden of sorrow,
And easing the heart of pain."

"Abide wth me, for swiftly
The shadows round me glide
Like phantoms, while the darkness
Deepens on every side.

"Be with me when Night's pinions
Around my pathway sweep!
O, fold Thy love around me
That I may sweetly sleep!

"And when Life's night is ended,
Its fitful dreaming o'er,
Then may a blissful morning break,
Upon the eternal shore."

LAS CA SAS

Freedom's apostle! who, with tireless zeal,
Though dangers rife, on land and on the sea,
Undaunted strove to make God's freeman, free!
When bold invaders sought their wealth to steal,
To lordly monarchs thou didst humbly kneel
To pray for justice on thy bended knee,
For these rude sons, for safety forced to flee
From home and altar; but with vain appeal.

Well hast thou earned the title thou didst gain,
"The Red Man's Counsellor, Protector, Friend;"
Thy great heart felt their cruelty and pain
And their just rights didst zealously defend;
Through the long years thy name has honored been
Who gave thy life to free thy fellow men.

SYMPATHY

Sweet Sympathy, thy task is manifold!
Soft is thy touch, and kind as Pity's child;
By thee earth's weary ones are oft beguiled;
With tender hands thou bindest on the soul
Thy soothing balms, that heal and make it whole!
When waves of passion beat against it wild,
Thou calm'st the tempest with thy presence mild,
As gently as the Master did, of old.

O, great thy skill to sweeten sorrow's cup,
And ease the heart that long hath fed on pain;
To bid the drooping soul, in faith look up,
As drooping flowers, after summer's rain;
And at Hope's royal feast once more to sup,
And taste the joys of happiness again.

A COMMON HEAVEN

One common Heaven for that uncommon soul
Who makes this earth its only end and goal;
Who holds aloof, in selfishness of heart,
From common things where it should bear a part,
And on a pedestal of human pride
Sets up a standard for its special guide.

One common Heaven, and no uncommon earth
For souls of high, or souls of lowly birth!
For all can breathe alike God's common air,
Earth's beauty see, and all its glory share;
Whether as toilers with the hand or brain
For daily bread, or selfish greed or gain.

One common Heaven for monarch or for slave,
For all must share alike a common grave;
No sect or creed can there God's laws define,
In Heaven is neither caste nor color line;
Within His loving, all embracing heart,
No soul select can hold itself apart.

INWARD LIGHT

Dedicated to HELEN KELLER.

Blind to earth's sights, and deaf to all its sounds,
An inward light, thy darkened path surrounds!
Though mute thy lips, thy answering soul doth teach
A sweeter language than all human speech!

Shut out from contact with this world of sin,
How bright it shines,—the heavenly light within,
Shedding a halo round thy beauteous brow!
Purest of all God's men and women,—thou!

Thy spirit vision, naught but good can see!
Thine ear, hear only God's sweet harmony!
O, blest art thou! for unto thee is given
An added sense, that makes of earth a heaven.

PEACE

Hushed the dread sound of strife!
A sudden stillness lies!
The calm that follows after storm,
On field, and wood and skies.

A Sabbath quiet reigns
O'er all the peaceful earth!
Calm'd is the tumult and the din;
Earth's wanton noise and mirth.

And calm the throbbing hearts
That late have felt the sting
Of separation's cruel dart
That poisons love's sweet spring.

For, like a blessing given,
God's peace is falling down
On armed hosts by land and sea;
On cot, and camp, and town.

Like manna, sent of old,
In grateful showers descend
His benedictions from above,
Earth's bitter feuds to end.

LOVE IN ABSENCE

Upon her grave I plant the myrtle spray,
Sweet token of the absent one and dear,
Whose presence to me ever seemeth near!
Though Death doth part, it hath no power to slay,
For Love's eternal, and will live for aye;
Solace for grief, and foe to every fear,
Dispelling doubt, and checking sorrow's tear,
O'er Death it wields its overmastering sway.

Though ne'er on earth that beauteous face I'll see
Still smile on me those tender eyes of old;
Those loving arms still, still encircle me,
Though pulseless now, they lie all still and cold!
For Love, the warden, turns for me the key,
That opens wide the gate of mystery.

DISENCHANTMENT

How bright the day! "God's day," we say,
So clear the sky, so fresh the air;
Our spirits soar, no longer clay
We rise towards all things pure and fair.

A cloud doth hide the sun from sight!
We sink to earth, frail mortals we,
Because we cannot bask for aye
Beneath its warmth and brilliancy.

And so we rise, and so we fall!
Like insects, creatures of the light,
We sport the while the sunshine lasts,
But faint and fall with coming night.

MATIN SONGS

Hearken to the dulcet music
From the choir invisible!
Songs of thanks and adoration
Hymned on high in grateful lays
To their Maker and Preserver;
Praise to Him, unceasing praise!

Not alone doth cloudless sunshine
Bring these strains of minstrelsy!
Mingling with her tears of sadness,
Nature's sorrowful refrain,
Cheery notes of birdlike gladness
Soundeth sweetly through the rain.

Chide they not our sore repinings,
These wild songs of ecstasy?
Seeming faith without restraining,
Joy unmixed with fear or pain;
Trust that brooks of no complaining
Till the days grow bright again.

COMMUNION

What need has God, for the weak words of men?
Enough for Him, if they, with reverent minds
And souls attuned to praise, lift their glad hearts
In gratitude above, e'en as the lilies
Lift their golden cups to drink the sunlight
And the dew of heaven. What though no sound
Breaks the deep stillness of the upper air?
Can not His ear catch the faint murmurs
From those depths below and send an answer back?
An echo sweet from out the silence vast,
That bringeth peace, and holy joy serene.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Inscribed on his Eightieth Birthday.

A rounded youth, quick ripening to its prime!
A golden prime, slow mellowing to old age!
Student and teacher; poet, priest and sage;
Whose words of truth, and noble deeds sublime,
Shall written be on history's glowing page;
Bright, shining marks, by which mankind can gauge
Its life, and mould it to a life divine.

All hail! to him, on this, his natal day,
Who brought the message, old, but ever new,
"To upward look; to forward, outward gaze,"
And "lend a hand," to all things good and true;
To give ourselves, unmindful of the gain,
Freely and gladly, "In His blessed name."

SABBATIA

Sweet "Rose of Plymouth," still revered thou art!
As year by year thy blushing buds unfold,
How often is the story of thee told,
And of that band of Pilgrims, who, apart,
In Nature's temples, worshipped God in heart.
How sweet thy welcome to these souls of old,
Who, scarce inured to hardship and to cold
Felt their keen pangs, and sorrow's piercing dart.

And so they named thee,—as the legend tells,
"Sabbatia," for the holy Sabbath day,—
When, in the forest's cool and shady dells,
They humbly knelt to worship and to pray;
Where, through the stillness of that calm retreat,
Thy blossoms fair shed incense at their feet.

SUNSET ON WACHUSETT

I see the sun sink slowly in the west,
Beyond the distant, blue, Wachusett height!
Sadly I watch it disappear from sight,
Leaving behind, upon its wooded crest
A golden glory, not to be expressed;
A vision that will linger through the night,
When sable curtains shall shut out the light,
And earth retires to sleep and peaceful rest.
But morning will this splendor all restore!
Darkness will vanish in its path of flame;
Nature's sad face will brighter grow once more;
And sunset-hour will bring to us the same
Bright vision that with yester-evening came;
For, day by day, we view God's glory o'er.

"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU"

Like a holy benediction
Or the music of a psalm,
Comes to us the Master's blessing,
Bringing with it peace and calm!
Peace that passeth understanding;
Hope, on which our hearts are stayed;
O, the comfort of his message,
"Be not troubled or afraid."

Be not troubled, though the darkness
Falls across thy earthly way;
Though the night of grief and sorrow
Hides the brightness of the day;
God still stands within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own,
Only trust the Heavenly guidance
Though it leads through paths unknown.

ANGEL MOTHER

Baby, in your cradle nest,
Softly cooing while you rest,
What is it we hear you say
Sweetly crooning, day by day?
Is your Angel-mother fair
Kneeling close beside you there,
Guarding, guiding you from ill,
Watching o'er your slumbers still?

See you not her smiling face,
And her angel form of grace?
Feel you not her tender hands,
As she close beside you stands,
Waiting till her baby sleeps,
While she heavenly vigil keeps,
As the Sainted Mother mild
Watched beside the dear Christ-child.

She is but removed a space,
Where you cannot see her face;
Feel the touch on baby-lips,
All the nectar that she sips,
Blessing you her cherished one,
Dimpled, darling little son,
With a heavenly love most true,
And the loved who care for you.

Angel wife and mother still
Comes, the vacant chair to fill!
Gladly leaves the heavenly sphere,
Hither drawn by sorrow's tear!
Comes, the loved ones all to bless
With the old time tenderness;
Heaven is no blest realm afar,
Heaven is where the loved ones are.

LARKSPUR

Sweet blossoms of the summer time!
I read a promise in your eyes,
Of sunnier days and warmer skies,
When gone is winter's snow and rime.

Gaily you lift to greet the light,
Your slender plumes of violet hue,
That borrowed seem, from heaven's blue,
As clear, as beautiful and bright.

I pluck from you a tiny spray,
To glad some other heart than mine,
And with it send this simple rhyme
To you, dear friend, so far away,

Knowing that you will read aright
The language that its blossom bears,—
A panacea for your cares;
I would that it could make them light.

NATURE'S PATTERNS

O, the wondrous forms and patterns,
Nature weaves, with magic art!
Faultless in their hue and coloring;
Perfect in their every part,

From the pure and spotless wind-flower,
Shivering by some leafless path,
To the lonely, sad-eyed aster,
Blooming in the aftermath.

Varied samples she is weaving
Out of colors bright and gay;
Noiselessly she plies her shuttle,
Fashions them by night and day.

And anon, with darker shading,
Richer, deeper tints we see,
Blended each and all together,
In a perfect harmony!

Every leaf and tiny grass blade,
Every flower that gems the sod
Is a strand in Nature's fabric,—
And the pattern maker—God.

FERN FOLK

To their home among the mosses
In the forest's cool retreat,
See the fern folk, hear them coming,
List the hurrying of their feet!
Up the valley, through the lowlands,
Following fast in Summer's train,
Bringing verdure, beauty, brightness,
To their woodland haunts again.

See their camp beside the river,
With the low green tents outspread,
Sheltered by the drooping branches,
And the leafy boughs o'erhead!
With the birds and flowers coquetting,
Nodding, dancing with the breeze,
Graceful, airy, fairy fern folk,
Underneath the forest trees.

What the summer tide without them?
Fancy we the flowers would die
If the gentle race of fern folk
Should desert, or come not nigh!
If when Nature wove her garment,
Leaf, and flower, and tender blade,
She should leave them from the pattern,
They, so wonderfully made.

OUR HEROES

Bring lilies and roses to garland the spot,
With the tender, blue-eyed forget-me-not;
Ferns from the woodland, and flowers from the dell;
Let them breathe a message our lips cannot tell.

Let them speak of the young, the fair and the brave,
Who laid down their lives their country to save;
Who were loyal to duty, to truth and to right,
And who manfully struggled her battles to fight.

Struggled and fell; but whose parting breath
Told of their triumph o'er suffering and death!
Of Life's warfare ended, its trials passed,
And the glorious victory gained at last!

Then cover their graves with the spring tide's bloom;
Scatter in showers o'er the new made tomb;
Let them speak of hope to the sorrowing one;
Of faith, that can say, "Thy will be done."

They have fought the good fight! for them there
remains
A crown of rejoicing for all of earth's pains;
Fadeless and purer than these that we bring,—
Our last and our tenderest offering.

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